

## LIKE DOGS LEFT OUT NEAR THE CRUMBLING ADOBES

old dogs people  
have dumped left  
out in the country  
The people soothe  
their minds with  
thoughts that the  
old dogs might  
catch a chicken  
and live My  
husband and I  
would walk around  
sunset the adobe  
rose in the last  
light rose and  
cantaloupe sand  
with the dogs  
howling the  
ones that still  
could My husband  
would put his  
arm around me  
tight tighter  
I don't know how  
people could be  
so cruel he said  
how heartless I  
was 30 then my  
hair smelled of  
piñon and I thot  
I'd gotten over  
things I was afraid  
of 20 years later  
and I could be  
those dogs I  
don't know where  
my next meal will  
come from a  
bandoned like  
those old sick  
dogs my junior  
league card in  
my wallet next  
to New Mexico  
foodstamps

## MAKING POEMS AND MAKING MEN

When you haven't for  
a long time it's  
all you can think a  
bout part of you  
is dressed up and ready  
the other part wants  
to sleep in a daze  
It's scary each  
time you try it's  
a risk you don't  
know if someone  
will want what you've  
got if you're losing  
your technique  
Someone will always  
moan how you should  
take it more slow  
let each matter more  
seem as if it was  
the last one Some  
one else will say  
you tease never  
deliver If you  
don't make either  
you wouldn't have  
to worry about  
the mail or the phone

## TODAY, WRITING ANY MORE POEMS

seems like someone  
manufacturing air  
conditioning for  
Alaska coins for a  
trip to the moon